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Title: Dummy I/II

Authors: [Onlymemories](#) and [spleenjournal](#)

Rating: NC-17

Pairing: Frank/Gerard

Warnings: American Sign Language. Drinking? Gerard ganking all of Frank's pot.

Summary: Mikey and Frank attend the North Jersey School for the Deaf, Gerard is studying to be a translator. Frank is hot, even if he is a baby. The shenanigans, they happen. As they do.

Author's Note: The logical corollary for [Song for the Deaf](#) , now Waycest free for your reading convenience. Or something. (Also because Frank's deaf!laugh kills us in the pants. Seriously.)

The first thing Gerard hears from Frank is his laugh, bright and uninhibited and totally infectious, and the echo of it on Mikey's face as the two of them walk towards the car. They're signing at each other almost too fast to catch, grinning and whacking at each other, and Frank flicks his eyes over at where Gerard's parked, waiting.

"Who's that? He's staring at you like- like you're gonna blow away in the wind, or some shit." The next time Frank glances over, his gaze lingers just long enough for Mikey to hit him, gaining back Frank's attention, signing right in front of his face so Frank can't look away.

"That's my *brother* , dumb shit. Stop staring. Hey, I've gotta go, see you on AIM? If you want to come over?"

"Yeah. Introduce me." Frank poke-harasses Mikey to stand, and follows him over to the driver's-side window. "He speaks ASL, right?"

"No," Mikey answers, snorting inelegantly. "He just guesses what I'm saying. Of course he does. Gee, this is Frank. He wanted to meet you." And Frank smiles, raising his hand in a little wave. When he signs his own greeting, it's not nearly as clear as Mikey's, who feels some need to almost-verbalize what he's saying, when talking to Gerard. Instead, it's little muted vowel-sounds.

"Hi, I'm Frank." Signed, except for his own name, spelled f-r-a-n-k-quick and verbalized as something close to *Fang*. His voice is surprisingly low, and he holds his hand out to Gerard.

"G-e-r-a-r-d," he spells, then flicks his sign-name as he reaches out to shake Frank's hand, the one-finger, tucked thumb of a 'g'-sign held against his temple and twisted slightly. He shakes Frank's hand, his own grip surprisingly firm, and then drops it to sign easily, "Are you one of Mikey's punk friends? One day he's going to come home with liberty spikes, and my mom is going to die. It'll be awesome." He signs blank-faced, even though he knows that it's bad manners, that he'll be getting shit for it in his interpreting classes when he starts them next year. But this kid is really cute, - gorgeous, even - and Gerard doesn't feel like making a fool of himself in front of him. "Are you coming over? Is that what he was saying? We have extra space in the car, if you want to come."

"Hey Mikes, can I? Think that'd piss your mom off if you brought me home and introduced me as your boyfriend? Not only is her son deaf, but he's GAY TOO. OH EM GEE." Frank throws the shotgun side door open and climbs in next to Gerard. "Mikey, you get the backseat." Frank settles his backpack between his feet and signs, "I'm homeless. Okay, no, I'm lying. I'm boarding, but I go home on the weekends. Unless you need a house elf or something. Then I could stay with you?" Frank tips one of those smiles

in Gerard's direction again, the oblique light from the sun catching the arc of metal in his lip. "Hey Gerard?" Using the name symbol, but with his thumb up, so it looks like he's miming suicide, "How much older than Mikes are you? I know this spaz hasn't gotten his license yet, so."

"Three and a half years. But Mikey doesn't have his license because he is a lametard, not because he's too young. Apparently he is just as dumb as the rock as he is deaf." Gerard laughs as he ducks Mikey's smacks from the backseat, then signs fluidly, as the smile slowly slips from his face. "Less talking, more driving. I'll stop ignoring you when we get there and we're all still not dead."

So that makes Gerard a good four years older than Frank, and Frank can't help but watch Gerard's mouth with something like intrigue when he laughs, lips pulled crooked - *wonder why it's like that?* - and cranks around in his seat to sign out of Gerard's line of sight. "Your brother's hot. Just saying." Mikey only garners half of Frank's attention as he sits back and watches Gerard again, his hands on the steering wheel, the way he frowns into the traffic, the dart of eyes that could be green if they really tried, and the messy fall of his hair. *Hot like... a hot thing. Shit, man.*

Gerard flips the stereo on, his mouth set to a mulish line as he taps his fingers against the steering wheel and waits for someone to complain. It's kind of an asstastic drive, just over half an hour - and more like an hour and a half during rush hour, which this thankfully isn't - and by the halfway point he's sick of not being able to participate in the conversation and starts singing quietly to himself, instead. " *I thought I loved you, it was just how you looked in the light-* "

And Frank's hands drop, just like that, as he tips his head into the right line of sight to watch Gerard's mouth move, a wondering half-smile on his own lips. He makes a little humming noise, and pats at Gerard's right arm to get his attention. "Do me a big favor? Like, a big *giant* favor?" Even though

Frank's smiling, that one that lights up his face, he knows he's blushing, too. "Could you say your name for me? Out loud?" Because as little as Frank actually *talks* - he can't, really, and knows how stupid he must sound when he tries - he likes knowing people's names. How they'd feel coming off his own lips, instead of his hands. Not that Gerard's gun-name-sign doesn't amuse him endlessly.

"It isn't anything special. My sign-name is cooler." Gerard signs with his hands close to the wheel, then shrugs and blinks for just a second, before enunciating as clearly as he can, with the way his lips pull - which is a huge disadvantage when it comes to reading lips, and he knows it - to the side complicating it a little, "Gerard." Then he looks over at Frank, his own cheeks pink, and gestures quickly, before changing lanes, "Happy now?"

"Your sign is fucking awesome. Pow." Frank mimes it again, and laughs, ducking his head and leaning to the side, a little. And while he nods to Gerard's question, the smile slips away into a deep frown. *How the fuck do I say that?* But he tries anyway, mouth working to produce the sound, impossible soft-G and easy hard D, with an R somewhere in the middle. "D- R- duh?"

Gerard is almost shocked to realize that he's smiling, as he gets off the highway and turns onto the main thoroughfare on their side of town, wishing not for the first time that they lived somewhere normal. "You did that pretty well. How long have you been deaf? The dumbass back there was thirteen, so he still talks really well, even though he's dumb about it." Gerard keeps his hands far enough down that it would be hard to see over the bench seat, and glances over at Frank with a peculiar little not-smile quirking the corner of his mouth. Bizarrely shy and... pleased?

Frank's still frowning, blushing furiously, and he signs, looking down at his lap, "I don't remember not being deaf." He knows Gerard's name came out sounding like indigestible mush. "My mom-" Which actually has a sound to

go with it, something like "Mm" but with emphasis, "-said I was really sick when I was a baby - had the mumps - and it wrecked my ears. So I board at the school and see Mom and Cheech," Another sound, said with the same grimace of difficulty that Frank made when he tried Gerard's name - *Eet* - punctuated with a scowl, "almost every weekend."

"At least you don't remember what you're missing out on?" Gerard raises his brows a little, glancing over at Frank maybe more often than he should, strictly speaking, since he's still driving. But he hasn't managed to crash yet, despite four years of driving while watching the hands of his passengers, and he makes the turn onto the street that leads to the little dead end street - barely more than a glorified alley - that his and Mikey's parents' house is on. "Mikes is a day student. Otherwise I'd pine. I can't sleep without him snoring, since we share a room."

"I don't snore," Frank smiles. "At least, I've never heard myself snoring." The smile curves into a grin, and he hauls his backpack up onto his shoulder and hops out of the car. "Mikey's never invited me over, before. Nice to see that one of you has manners." He grins back at Mikey, before turning his attention back to Gerard. *Yeah, like he'd like you. You're deaf as a stump and four years younger. Yeah, nice. And he's probably totally completely not a fag. So, there go your chances, champ.*

But it gets harder for Frank to believe that Gerard doesn't have a faggy bone in his body when he pulls his backpack onto one shoulder and pushes the massive pair of Chanel-knockoff glasses out of his hair and onto his nose. They cover almost half of his face, and make him even harder to read, as they walk towards the house. "Yeah, well some of us weren't spoiled rotten. He gives better birthday presents, but I have manners." And oh, but he's glad for those glasses as he looks Frank over, and finds himself a little shocked to reach out, touching Frank's arm just above the big scrape on his arm. "Fall down? Or was it a good fall?"

"Bailed. I skate, when I'm, you know, not getting caught skating." If that makes any sense at all. But Frank smiles and holds his arm out for Gerard's inspection, much to Mikey's eye-rolling and frustrated sighs. "You should come to Bickley's park after we're done, or something. Usually I fuck around in there for an hour or two before going to dorm."

"Well kids, since you're so obviously enthralled with each other, I'm going to go to my room, jerk off, play some 360, and do my homework." With a pointed look at Frank. And to Gerard: "Don't do him on the first date, okay? Or if you're gonna, make sure I'm not around."

Gerard boggles at Mikey, throwing an exceptionally rude gesture at his back as he laughs embarrassedly. He ducks his head, trying to hide behind his hair but mostly just hiding behind his glasses instead, since his last haircut left it a little shorter than he meant for it to be. "I have no idea what he's talking about," he signs, his lips pressed to a little line, and cracks his knuckles before he continues, "I would probably bust my head open if I tried to skate, but I could watch you. We have a little park around the way, only a few crack pipes per square foot. If you wanted to skate or whatever."

Part of the reason his bag's so heavy is that his skateboard is shoved down the back, but there are other things he'd rather do, than show off for Mikey's older brother. "Well, I figured we'd sit around and smoke some 'green, and just hang out. I mean, if Mikey's not going to get jealous or anything." He pauses for a moment, flexing his hands, and adds, "Backyard cool?"

"We kind of don't have a back yard, but we have a roof? Or an attic."

Gerard hefts his back again and pushes his hand through his hair as he tips his head towards the front door. "Either way, we might as well go in and ditch our shoes first, right?" *Hang out hang out, or naked time, hang out? Fuck, Mikey. I hate you so much. God.*

"Attic's fine with me... But I mean, if you would rather have me smoke out here and then we'll go in? Or if you don't at all and don't want me to, then

that's fine too. We can just go inside." And what is it about Gerard's mouth that's so fucking *interesting* ? How it moves, or doesn't-move, the line of his teeth, the plush pink of his lips. "Whatever you want to do."

Gerard unlocks the front door with a cursory, "We can open the window and turn on the fan up there, no worries," and drops his backpack and kicks off his converse just inside the door. "Do you mind if I get a drink?" He pulls off his jacket and unwinds the scarf from around his neck, like it isn't odd at all to be wearing a thin hoodie and at least one shirt under that. He looks over at Frank, glad that his sunglasses shield his eyes, and finally pushes them back up into his hair to jerk his thumb up towards the stairs. "The attic stairs are up at the end of the upstairs hallway. You'll probably have to duck, but there's- there's somewhere to sit up there." *There's a bed up there. Shit, shit. What if he thinks-*

Frank nods and kicks his low top chucks off, and gestures, "I'd rather wait for you... I'm not exactly comfortable with going places in someone's house when I've never been there before." And besides, it gives him a little longer to watch Gerard, try and read his body language and face, even though he's hiding behind those huge glasses. "How do they look on me?" Plucking them out of Gee's hair and burying his face with them. "Get your drink, and take me upstairs. Deal?"

"You look like a little kid wearing his mom's glasses. They eat your face." Gerard rolls his eyes a little, but he's still smiling as he turns to walk into the kitchen, working quickly. Two cans of Dr. Pepper get pulled out of the fridge and opened, a few swallows taken out of each, then he opens one of the lower cabinets and pulls out his bottle of Cruzan Vanilla rum, topping them off with a careful look of concentration. He puts his thumb over the top of one and swirls it gently as he signs to Frank, his shoulders hunched protectively, "There's Coke in the fridge if you want any." Because it's obvious from the way he powers through the first one and keeps the second

close-by that he doesn't really intend to add contributing to the delinquency of a minor to his list of sins. "Or Mt. Dew, whatever."

Frank helps himself to a Coke and watches Gerard with something like interest (as if he could look at him any other way, at this point). "What can I call you that's easier than- than-" His face screws up again as he tries valiantly to say it, to say "G- g-duh." He fiddles with the tab on the can, and nudges Gerard. "Bring it upstairs, okay? You can drink it up there, if you want." The smell of the rum is actually kind of nice, and if Frank's curious about what it would taste like, then maybe off of Gerard's lips isn't a bad place to start.

"You can say-" Gerard swallows the last of that first can of vanilla-rum Dr. Pepper, belching a little before he wets his lips and sign-spells out, 'G-E-E' and says as clearly as he can, "Gee." He picks up his second can, taking a sip, and heads towards the stairs sort of half-backwards, so he can watch Frank's hands. "Does that make it easier?"

He tries, and stops. And tries again. It's that goddamn Juh-sound at the beginning of his name that sticks Frank. "D- Dee?" Hiding his embarrassment behind his Coke as he follows Gerard up, down the hall, and up again. "Attic?" Sloppy and one-handed, maybe not-looking at Gerard's ass. Okay, totally looking.

It's more looking at where his ass should be, *is* , somewhere under the messy fall of his hoodie and too-big black pants. Mikey might be all about the girl jeans and things that look like they have to be painted on, but Gerard- not so much. He glances over his shoulder at Frank, smiling his broad, crooked smile, and nods his hand 'yes' before pulling open the little door at the end of the hall and gesturing fluidly as he takes another drink, "After you?"

Frank hunches down, keeping his head carefully away from the low roof, and shuffles in before Gerard. "Nice." Signed somewhere near his hip so

that Gerard can see it. Out loud: "Dee." Signed: "Was the mattress what you meant when you said there was somewhere to sit?" He turns with a little smile, grabbing Gerard's wrist and flopping back onto it with a waft of dust and a fair amount of sneezing. "You perv, now you've got me on my back. Now what're your intentions?"

Gerard makes a face as he kneels awkwardly on the edge of the mattress, taking another long drink before he puts it on the sill of the little dormer window and cracks it enough that a slip of chill air can come in. "First of all, I want to know if you are a porn star or just think you are. I mean, really." He imitates Frank's name-sign, the loop of an f-sign against his hip, and raises his eyebrows pointedly. "And if there were anything higher, you would hit your head. Whatever. You said we could smoke up?"

"Mm," Frank says out loud, some kind of noise of agreement, to go with the 'yes' he bobs out, before digging into the side pocket of his backpack for a ziplock baggie and pipe. He can't talk while packing, but once the pipe's between his teeth, he signs, "You're the first one to get that, you know?" Fishing out his lighter, he fires up, leaning back on an elbow to exhale, sweet and thick, before offering it to Gerard. "Not like I'm tall enough to hit my head on most stuff," he gestures, then flattens out on his back on the mattress. "Hey. Can I kiss you?"

The lighter bobbles a little as Gerard almost-falls off the prop of his elbows, stretched out on his stomach with his feet in the air, only partly covered by the trailing legs of his pants. He raises his eyebrows a little as he flicks it on, pulling the smoke deep into his lungs, and only belatedly realizes that he doesn't have to wait until he exhales to reply. He does anyway, though, the smoke wreathing from his mouth and nose as he flicks out, his cheeks pink, "Do you want to?"

"Would I have asked, otherwise? You just look too fucking nervous. I figured if I made the first move, then you'd calm down, a little." Frank grins

at the sloped ceiling above them, and takes the pipe back, sitting up a little to take a hit. "Is that cool? If it isn't, just punch me in the balls and get it over with." And maybe his signing is a little defensive here, since he doesn't know for absolute certain that Gerard's even interested. On the way here, Frank was all but convinced Gerard was straight. And then, not so much. And now, maybe, not at all. But that doesn't mean he's interested in stupid old Frank, who couldn't hear a jet overhead, or if someone screamed right in his ear. "Dee. Would you mind?"

"People have before. To embarrass me. Fuck with the crazy kid, you know?" Gerard's signing becomes a little more expansive as the weed and rum catch up to him, his face less icy-impassive, but only slightly. He can't help but react when Frank says his name, though - or as close as he can, Gerard's actually kind of impressed that he's trying at all, having never really heard to know what he's aiming for - and the corner of his mouth twitches, betraying his pleasure, as he shrugs and looks away for a split second, before replying and making grabby-hands for the pipe. "I wouldn't mind. Hotbox first?"

"You're the first hearing-person I've been interested in. I mean, I don't mean to come across like a giant whore or anything, but, okay. I might be. Or whatever." Frank hands over the pipe and signs at the ceiling, face carefully neutral. "It's just- hearing-people make me feel retarded. Like I can't be part of their world. And I kind of don't feel like that, around you. Maybe it's because Mikey's retarded too. I *like* you. You're cool. Even if you're totally smoking all my weed." Frank turns on his side to look at Gerard, heavy hazel eyes betraying the slight bitterness at using the word 'retarded' to describe himself and Mikey. Like because Frank can't hear and can barely talk, that there's something wrong with him.

Gerard lets the lighter drop, holding the pipe between his teeth as he signs, short and sharp, eyes narrow. "Don't *ever* say that about Mikey. Or yourself. Just because you can't hear doesn't make you anything but Deaf.

And unlikely to win American Idol. And dude, I don't know if Mikey told you or not, but I was in lametard classes all through high school, because I wouldn't talk to anyone. If- if ASL is good enough for you, for Mikey, I don't see why it isn't good enough for me too. But some of Mikey's friends don't like me just because I can hear. You aren't any more unfit for hearing culture than I am for the culture at your school, you know." He looks like he wants to say more, but he just shakes out his hand and picks up the lighter, inhaling slowly before waving at Frank to come to him, his eyes watering a little and his lips held carefully over the smoke. "Come and get your weed back from me then, if I'm smoking all of it."

"Fine." But Gerard's outburst overjoys Frank, for some reason. It's like... someone who understands what it's like. To be a minority, or looked at strange, or treated differently. "Come on and share." But instead of taking the pipe back, Frank presses open lips to Gerard's, and breathes in when Gerard exhales. And he breathes out the smoke, eyes closed, and smiles. "I wouldn't have known if Mikey-" " *My-ee* " "-hadn't told me. That you could hear, I mean. And talk. What do you sound like?" Leaning all up against Gerard's side, so he's got the freedom to sign, but Frank's got the ability to kiss at his skin, if he really wants to. Which, he does.

"Like a chipmunk with a head cold. And if I were Deaf, I would have been able to go to school with you and Mikey, instead of being stuck in lametard classes. But no one who has better than 50% uncorrected hearing can go to NJSD. And- And I could go with Mikey to Galludet next year, instead of being in community college. But I'm not." Gerard wrinkles his nose, rubbing at it idly, even as he presses his lips together, to try and keep the feel of Frank's on them for a moment longer. "My voice isn't so great, really. You're not missing out."

Frank's next question is simple, signed out after he tastes the skin just below Gerard's ear. "What do I sound like?"

Gerard shivers, his breath stolen in a hot cannabis-flavored gasp and his stomach dropped somewhere down near his balls, which are pulled tight to his body at the wet shock of Frank's tongue. "Uh." He swallows and blinks, trying to still the shake of his hands and clear his head, and signs after a moment's thought, "Low and soft. And really, like- You seem like you don't like talking, but it's really fucking sexy. I like the way you sound."

"I can't talk," Frank answers one-handed, signs short and abbreviated. And that's his biggest worry, right there. That in a talking, hearing world, he can't even verbalize what he wants. Well, maybe. "Dee." *You think it's sexy. You think I'm sexy, or just my stupid voice?* He shifts next to Gerard, leaning over him to press lip to lip, hand to hip, eyes closed to anything Gerard might say. *I like your hair and I like your eyes, and your stupid fucking mouth, and even your stupid sideburns. Just don't think I'm easy. 'cause maybe I am.*

The shock stiffens Gerard's spine, his lips unmoving under Frank's as he presses his hand onto Frank's shoulder, to give him room to pull away, to catch his breath. Because somehow it's all gone, leaving him breathing heavy and swallowing, as he blinks at Frank's face and presses his lips together, trying to urge his eyes more fully open and not quite succeeding. He goes to say something, then stops, and cups Frank's jaw with his hand instead, leaning back in to so-shyly press his lips to Frank's again. *I don't know why, I don't know why, but I hope you don't want me to stop, I hope you don't hate me for wanting to hear you.*

Frank kisses Gerard carefully, like he's going to frighten him off, then pulls back a little to drag his teeth over his bottom lip. "Do you like me, or do you like the way I can't talk?" And then he's propping himself up to look down into Gerard's face, brows drawn together and face worried and careful. "What do you want me to say? I... I don't know a lot of words, clearly. Mostly names."

"I like- I like you. And the way you *talk* ," he emphasizes the sign, biting at his lower lip with his small, pointy teeth as he frowns back at Frank, willing him to understand what he means. "is fucking sexy. I just don't- I don't know why you want to be here with me. There are all kinds of cute kids at NJSD, I've seen them. I don't-" He shakes his head a little, laughing embarrassedly, and says out loud, looking down at Frank's hands, "I don't know why you'd want a stupid Hearing guy like me." *A fat, stupid, crazy Hearing guy with bad hair.*

Frank's face crunches down as he tries to talk, tries to find the right movements of lip and tongue in his vocabulary of lip-reading... and can't. Can't find the words to say *I want you because you don't treat me like I'm going to break. Like my ears are just an extension of some other disability. You treat me like I'm normal. And you want to hear me, even if I don't have anything I want to say.* Instead, it comes out as little round sounds against hair and ear, before he rolls away with a frustrated sigh. Flop, onto his back. *God.*

Gerard knows how hard it must be for Frank, who doesn't remember how any of these words actually *sound* , and is kind of astonished that he's still trying. For *him* . He scoots over, carefully, and looks down at Frank, leaning against Frank's side to gesture carefully, trying to make sure that he has Frank's attention. "You are normal. There isn't anything wrong with you, like. You'll live just as long as everyone else. And you can talk, you know. Like this, and- And I really do like your voice. I like hearing you." He hesitates, making a little face, and signs awkwardly, looking away, "And I want to kiss you again, but- but I don't know why you want to, with me."

Okay, and vacillating between wanting to kiss Gerard, to touch him in horrible, naughty ways, and wanting to close his eyes so he doesn't have to see what Gerard's saying? Kind of sucks. So, Frank picks option C: closes his eyes and says, in that tiny voice that Gerard keeps saying is so fucking sexy, "Tith me."

And it's just as well that Frank can't hear the noise that Gerard makes, because it'd be fucking embarrassing if he could. He reaches out, curling his fingers through Frank's hair, and tugs him up to press his lips to Frank's, parted and soft, heated. He can't help but do it, to press his hand against Frank's chest and lick at his lips, wishing that he could tell him how much he wants this, how scared he is, but he doesn't have the words, even if Frank could hear them. So instead, he just kisses him harder, rubbing his thumb against the soft fabric of Frank's shirt. *That is so fucking sexy.*

It's as easy as that, Frank's arms are around Gerard, pulling him down body to body, feeling the tension in the way Gerard touches him. He pulls away to sign vaguely, "Don't worry. I'm the one who should worry... never been with a hearing-guy before." He crinkles a little smile before tugging Gerard down again, pressing at the barrier of his lips with his tongue, tasting pot and vanilla and the heat of rum. *I'd really like to touch you, if you'd let me. Get the awkward one-time sexy thing out of the way, and then we can be friends. If you'd still like me after.*

Gerard just barely presses into Frank's body, shifting more onto the bed so he can tip Frank's head up and kiss him solidly, taking the so-sweet of his mouth into Frank's with him as he groans and drags his tongue against Frank's. His hips shift against the mattress as he moves in, a little, his hoodie catching against the quilted top as he presses closer to the compact heat of Frank's body. *Fuck, I really, really hope that this is the right thing. Because you taste really good.*

Frank catches the zipper tab of Gerard's hoodie in his fingers and tugs it down, pushing fabric back from Gerard's shoulders, only breaking the kiss to smile, just a little. *You must be roasting in all that.* Like Gerard's a mutant or something and can read his mind. Yeah, right. So he tries *again*, and manages a breathy little "Ohff?", hooking his fingers into the bottom of Gerard's long-sleeve shirt even before the hoodie's properly removed.

Gerard makes a little fussy face but nods anyway, reaching down to help separate his long sleeved shirt from the worn t-shirt under it. He pulls it up and off, pitching it and his hoodie off the bed entirely, and extracts his wallet from his back pocket, thumbing the wallet chain free of his belt loop, to drop that back as well. "Better?" He signs, smiling uncertainly, before sitting up a little more to press a kiss to Frank's lips, slow and shy and almost-sweet. He feels dumb, with the soft pale of his upper arms exposed a little under the longish sleeves of his t-shirt, his forearms dusted with pale brown hair and a smattering of little freckles on the tops and almost luminously olive-white underneath, with the blue of his veins easily visible. But that doesn't matter, he has to hope, as he pushes his fingers through Frank's hair again and traces his tongue against the bow of his lower lip, before biting at it gently, his hips shifting again, all but ignored.

"Mm," Frank answers, making *conscious* effort to try and make a sound for Gerard as he runs his fingers up Gerard's arm. "Mm?" Until Gerard pulls away. " *Dee?* " "Do you want me to- can I-" Signing, Frank flexes his hands, smiling a little, embarrassed, and finishes. "-Can I touch you? I'd really kind of like to jerk you the fuck off." Which is very, very romantic. And exactly the kind of thing you want to say to your Deaf Homeboy's older brother.

Well, it *is*.

Gerard blinks a little, not quite trusting his eyes, and runs his hand over his face before he laughs, short and sudden, and asks hesitantly, "Are you sure? We can just- we can just kiss, and hit up a little more. That would be okay. You don't have to." His cheeks are flushed- his skin just barely sheened with sweat, but there's a solemn expression on his face, as he pushes his hair messily out of his eyes, trying to tuck it behind his ears even though it isn't quite long enough. "But if you want, I- we can do whatever you want."

And it's easy, just like that, to take Gerard's answer as rejection, but that's just fine and dandy, since they've known each other the length of a car ride and through half a pipe of smoke. "Totally your call." But he pushes Gerard over so he's straddled on his hips sitting up, freeing both their hands for signing, touching and holding the pipe. "I mean, I know what I want. I'm just putting it out there. I'm fine with kissing and smoking-" And he does exactly that, leaning down to catch Gerard's lips for just a second, before lighting the remainder of the pot in the pipe.

Gerard half-sits, propping himself up on one hand before he can brace himself, twisting to get his back against the low wall. It means he can grin up at Frank and gesture for the pipe, get a good hit in before he has to hand it back and admit softly, his fingers moving with careful, alcohol-and-pot softened precision, "It's not that I don't want to, I just- I don't want you to be like 'What the fuck was I thinking yesterday?' tomorrow, you know?" He can't help but lean in, mouthing briefly at the ink scoring Frank's neck before licking at the soft of his upper lip and inhaling against his cheek, taking in the smell of him, then leans back enough to sign, "I hate being that guy. But if you're good, I-" He shifts his hips a little, gasping softly as Frank's thigh rubs solid up against him, making his hands shake and stop as he breathes, "Shit," and completely loses his train of thought.

Frank smiles broadly, handing the pipe back to Gerard before covering Gee's ears with his hands. So when he tries to talk, it's little more than a secret, a movement of lips, and nothing more. But Gerard can tell from the deep expression of effort and frustration on Frank's face that it's *words*, catches the flat, eerie quality of his voice, if not the attempt at articulation. "I would let you do whatever you wanted to me. I would think tomorrow that I got to make out with my friend's smoking-hot older brother." Once he's done, Frank bites his bottom lip and drops his hands, knowing in the pit of his guts that maybe three, *maybe* four of those words actually came out resembling what he meant.

Gerard raises his brows and uses his time constructively, taking another deep hit, and when Frank's done he presses the pipe and lighter into his smaller, squarer hands. He shifts up, exhaling thick, biting smoke up against Frank's face as he bumps their noses together and slips a hand around to the small of his back, to find the warmth of his skin as he shifts his hips again, rubbing up against him with a little hiccup of breath as he moves back to sign, watching Frank's face carefully, "What do you want to do with me?"

There's nothing mean in Frank's eyes, nothing that speaks of using Gerard and moving on. Heavy and a little bloodshot, golden-hazel and warm, Frank signs, "When you say yes, I want to touch you. I want to kiss you and touch you and pretend I know what you're saying." He smiles just a little and presses his lips to Gerard's, shifting back just a bit, just enough that he can get his hands between them after dropping the pipe and lighter on the floor beside the mattress. *Okay?* "Oh-tay?"

"Okay, yes," Gerard signs, pressing his lips together almost challengingly as he raises his eyebrows and tries not to blink too much, or pay attention to the way his head's spinning, all pot and rum and warmth and *Frank*, right next to him. He wets his lips and leans in to press a little kiss to Frank's lips, open and shy, before he asks with lazy motions of his hands, "Do you want me to lay down?"

"So, now?" Frank laughs a bit, nipping a kiss from Gerard's mouth. "No, I think you're okay. I'll just move back a bit, if you want to sit up some more." It's only a flash, only a flicker, but the expression on Frank's face is shy, almost. "So I can kiss you if I want. Or you can kiss me." He drops his eyes from Gerard's face to press his fingertips against the front seam of Gee's pants. "Touch like this." One-handed and maybe a little apprehensive.

The sudden jerk of his hands makes Gerard stutter as he shifts up the bed, hips pressing up under Frank's hand. He recovers well enough, and manages to smooth the motions of his fingers to an understandable level as his back

hits the wall and he looks at Frank, all serious eyes and flushed cheeks. "Okay. If that's what you want."

"But what about what *you* want?" Signing with both hands, watching Gerard's face so-carefully for telltale body language, and man, this is why he smokes his parents at poker, when they play on weekends. It's a Deaf-thing, he tries to tell them. And...it *is*. Being able to read someone before they even open their mouths, or in Frank's case, raise their hands. "Don't do it because you know I want to. I want to do it because *you* want me to. Okay?"

Gerard swallows thickly as he blinks, looking away for a long moment before he can find the courage to raise his hands. "It doesn't matter what I want, because- because you can say no. If I don't want anything, it won't hurt when I don't get it." Gerard blinks and looks up at Frank again, through the dark of his lashes, and quirks that painful little smile at him as he reaches out to so-hesitantly to touch Frank's chest, before he pulls his hand away to sign. "But if you want to, then I can want it to."

"How can you say it doesn't matter what you want?" Frank just *looks* at Gerard, brows furrowed and face writ large with hurt. "What if I want you to like me, and you don't? Who's going to get hurt then? Or- or what if I want something that you totally don't want? Wouldn't that be, like, rape?" But Gerard touches him, fingers light and careful, and Frank snags them with his own once Gerard's done talking. "Tell me you want me. Or tell me you don't."

"I want you to still like me tomorrow." Gerard says it out loud, carefully, emphasizing the lip-sounds so Frank will have the best chance of understanding him. Then he tugs his hand gently from under Frank's and signs, looking flushed and still hard, tense beneath the sprawl of Frank's thighs. "I don't want to be a mistake, a never-again. But if you don't think it will be like that, then I want this. I want- *You* ."

Frank laughs, one of the only sounds that falls easily from his lips, with no self-consciousness or apprehension of how it sounds. "You're a dork. I like you with your clothes on, *Dee*. Why wouldn't I like you once I've got them off?" Gerard's hard to read, that's for sure, but that just gives Frank an excuse to stare at his mouth without seeming like a humongous dirty perv. Yeah, staring at his mouth while Frank's fingers bump up against the front of Gerard's pants, feeling for a zipper. Maybe feeling a little too thoroughly, truth be told.

Gerard coughs out a laugh of his own, strangled and cracked, and rolls his hips up into Frank's fingers as he grimaces softly, his lips parting as he bumps his elbows against the wall and then belatedly signs, his eyes all but closed, "Why would you? I'm like twice as big as you, and all pasty. Not like you or Mikey." He scrunches his nose up, presses his lips together, and pulls his eyes up to look at Frank, even as his hips shift, pushing himself against Frank's hand almost without his knowledge at all. "I don't know why you want me."

"Can I remind you that being a skinny wop isn't all it's cracked up to be?" Signed disjointedly between working the fastenings of Gerard's pants. "So what, maybe I like that you're bigger than me, and all whitey." And aha, he's got the evil, fickle pants undone, and that gives Frank the opportunity to dip down the front, palm-first, feeling out the territory. *Oh. Shit. What am I gonna do with that?* How's it going to work? It's not like Frank's hands are any bigger than any other part of him, and, well. Gerard's proportionate. *Both hands?*

Gerard makes a helpless little noise as he arches up under Frank's hand, his lips relaxed and parted and his eyes heavy-lidded again. He misses out on Frank's hesitation because he's too busy groaning, his head falling back against the wall as he signs messily, glad that he doesn't have to try keeping his voice even when he's all but groaning with every indrawn breath, "You

mean you don't like getting shoved in lockers? Perish the thought." *Oh God, you're actually going to-*

Frank would answer that usually he gets shoved into lockers as a practical joke, only to spring out at some unsuspecting deaf kid, but... his hands are busily freeing Gerard from pants and shorts, lip caught between teeth as he tries to figure out how this is all going to work. And then-

-he laces his fingers together, thumbs curled side-to-side on the underside of Gerard's cock, and he smiles brilliantly into Gerard's face as he strokes down, then up. *Is that okay?*

"Oh God-" The sign is barely more than a shake of his fingers, as his hips buck and his lips part, a low, wanting groan breaking his breath as he grits his teeth. It's hard for him to think, to do more than grab at the mattress and rock under Frank's slight weight, mumbling uncertainly, "Fuck, Frank. *Fuck* ."

Frank's face crunches, just a little, like he's upset, but instead, he spits something out, short and blunt and flat. " *Tay, Dee?* " Face deeply concerned and flushed and warm with want, afraid that Gerard doesn't hear, doesn't understand. Doesn't like what Frank's doing, all careful up-down, twist and squeeze. Not letting him answer; catching lips and noise and breath in a searing kiss before careening down the side of his jaw to Gerard's throat, feeling the hum and vibration under his mouth.

But Gerard does like it, nods loosely before he's caught up in a kiss and then the warmth of Frank's hands, sliding against him, making him gasp raggedly as he tips his head back against the wall again. He can't really move much, because of his position, but he snaps his hips into the push-pull tightness of Frank's grip as much as he can, his voice low enough that it just barely carries past the buzz against Frank's lips, "That feels fucking amazing." *How do you even know how?*

PART TWO:

[**Tags** | [deaf!verse](#) , [frank](#) , [gerard](#)]

Title: Dummy II/II

Authors: [Onlymemories](#) and [spleenjournal](#)

Rating: NC-17

Pairing: Frank/Gerard

Warnings: American Sign Language. Drinking? Gerard ganking all of Frank's pot.

Summary: Mikey and Frank attend the North Jersey School for the Deaf, Gerard is studying to be a translator. Frank is hot, even if he is a baby. The shenanigans, they happen. As they do.

Author's Note: The logical corollary for [Song for the Deaf](#) , now Waycest free for your reading convenience. Or something. (Also because Frank's deaf!laugh kills us in the pants. Seriously.)

In honesty, it's the only sex Frank knows how to have, something that's as easy as touching and kissing, and really, what guy has never, ever jerked off in his entire life? So doing it to someone else isn't that difficult. Unless one hand just doesn't work, like... right now. He uses his thumbs to push Gerard's foreskin back, uses them to press against the head of his cock, teeth biting ungently where he feels the burr of voice.

That gets Gerard's attention, makes him buck up under Frank hard enough that his ass doesn't-quite touch the bed for a second, makes his abs burn a little as he cries out softly. It's just as well that Mikey's all the way down in the basement, deaf as a post, and their parents won't be home for hours, because as he shifts, slick under the push of Frank's thumbs, he loses his careful hold on his voice, as he fists one hand into Frank's hair and just. Holds. on. "Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck-"

Frank smiles against the line of Gerard's throat before twisting his hands, thumbs holding firm against hot, slick skin, and he bites again, hard , hard enough that he can taste broken skin. He whines indistinctly into Gerard's neck, twisting into the jerk of his hair, suddenly, vibrantly reminded of his latest - and favorite - jerk-off material. God I'd go down on you if you'd pull my hair like that-

Gerard makes a strangled sound that translates to a sharp, mattress-shaking buck of his hips, as he pulls on Frank's hair, tugs him up to mouth at the space below the soft swell of Frank's lower lip, not so careful or hesitant as he was before. He finally kisses Frank, hot and a little sloppy, his hips fucking in round little jerks into the tight of Frank's hands as his face crunches up, lips pulling skewed and breath coming in hot pants as he touches Frank's knee urgently, thumb slipping into one of the myriad holes in the denim. I'm gonna come, I'm gonna come-

The next sound that Frank makes is wholly in Gerard's mouth, a wordless oh fuck yes that translates to the hiss of his breath and the perfect-pained grimace that flicks across his face like a shadow. He twists his hands once more before separating them to palm over the head of Gerard's cock at the same time his other hand palms his balls, firm and warm and precome damp. " Yeah. " Hot movement of lips against Gee's earlobe, and Gerard can feel the flick of Frank's tongue when he dampens his lips.

Gerard comes with a shiver and a sharp inhalation of breath, digging his cock into the press of Frank's palm as he jerks his fingers in Frank's hair and bites sharply at his lower lip to muffle the choke of his breath. It takes a brief moment for him to relax back and let Frank's lip slip free from between his teeth as he bangs his head back into the wall. " God ."

Frank smiles winningly at Gerard, skating his tongue out to first feel the burn of where Gerard bit him - not to say that Frank hasn't left any marks of his own, oh god, so hot - and then brings his hand up to lick slow and

savoring across his palm. " Ungh. " And pushing Gerard back to lick down the front of his shirt, breath hot through fabric, quick from the bitter taste of Gerard's come, and the heavy lead of his own desire in his belly. " Mmmh- "

Gerard curls a little sideways as he lays out, resting his body on one elbow, and watches Frank from under the heavy curtain of his lashes for a long moment, then reaches out to push him onto his back, so he can shift - pulling his underwear back up somewhat awkwardly - and sit up enough to sign. "Do you want me to- I can blow you, if you want. Or whatever." His cheeks are flushed hot, embarrassed red, and he looks down before reaching out to thumb open the button of Frank's jeans with a hopeful little half-smile.

Frank's eyebrows make a spectacular attempt at climbing into his hairline as he watches Gerard's hands, first as they sign, then as they tug at his pants. " Uh? " And makes another tiny noise as he shifts his hips into Gerard's touch, and nods. Sure, yes, okay. I've never, but if you want to, I'm not gonna say no. But I'm gonna pay attention. I want to learn.

"Okay, okay." Gerard breathes the words almost soothingly, more for his benefit than anything else. He knows perfectly well that Frank can't hear him, not even the dim whisper that Mikey can make out with his hearing aids in, that he's Deaf , profoundly and utterly. But it makes him feel better, and he likes to think that Frank won't mind if he talks, just a little bit.

"You're so fucking hot," he signs, wetting his lips as he tugs Frank's thighs apart and settles between them, his fingers moving through the words before dropping to pull Frank's zip down and ease him free of his boxers, stroking his shaft almost gingerly as he makes a relieved, amused face at the slip of Frank's foreskin over the head of his cock. "I bet you taste fucking good too."

Frank loves when people talk to him. It makes him feel a little more, well, normal, rather than totally stone deaf (like he actually is). The only teensy-weensy problem with Gerard talking right now is that Frank's far too distracted to actually focus enough to read Gerard's lovely, spectacular goddamn mouth. The compliment breaks some of that tension, as Frank leans back and bubbles a laugh at the ceiling, but that's short-lived as he twitches up into Gerard's hand, lip caught between his bottom teeth to quell the escape of some little, dim noise. Oh em eff gee. He's actually going to do it. "Dee? Pease?"

Gerard groans softly, biting his lower lip as he twists his wrist around Frank's cock, pushing his foreskin back to rub his thumb against the underside of his cock head. "Okay," Gerard says, signing in tandem with his free hand as he leans in, wetting his lips messily before he smears them against Frank's skin, in the same place that his thumb was pressing just moments before. "I want to," he says with his hands, before emphasizing the words with the wet suck of his mouth, pulling Frank in with a low, rumbling groan, his lashes fluttering down to kiss his cheeks. I want you to like me. I want you to stay.

Frank tenses, not because it's not what he wants, but because it feels so spectacularly, cataclysmically good, and he hitches out another little noise, eyes tight-shut and face all scrunched down, trying not to push into the warm and wet of Gerard's mouth. His hand jerks up, fingertips hard against Gerard's scalp for a moment, before his hand relaxes and spreads out against the back of his head, not sure what to do other than pet at his hair. And crap, it's hard to pay attention when it feels like this.

Gerard groans heavily around Frank's cock, swirling his tongue slowly around the crown of his cock head as he groans openly, his lips parting as he brings his eyes open to stare up at Frank's face. He keeps up a steady tempo with his hand, pale fingers wrapped firmly around hot flesh as he curls the tip of his tongue against Frank's slit, tasting the hot-bitter of his

precome, and then pushes down, down , meaning to take as much of Frank into his mouth as he can. I wish you could talk.

Frank's head falls back with an audible sigh, leaning back and bracing himself on an elbow, knees sprawled apart for Gerard. He can't sign at all, not when his weight's on one arm and his other hand is in Gerard's hair. Which means...he has to talk. Or try to. Frank hopes Gerard understands, when it comes out low and breathy and so-soft. "It feels so good." And then he just concentrates on breathing, on not crying out, unable to tell how loud he is when his voice comes that short and sudden. It's maybe easier, with speech, than with- "Ah-"

It's easy enough to understand him, when Gerard's spent years working with speech therapists and Deaf speakers, and he's grateful for it, as Frank starts to gasp, his voice high and his hand all tangled in the dark mass of Gerard's hair. He swirls his tongue against the vein along the underside of Frank's cock as he bobs up, sucking lightly at the head as he does wicked, wicked things with the soft flat of his tongue, rubbing against him as he watches Frank's face through his bangs and the dark of his lashes, his eyes steady before they close in favor of setting a steady, no-nonsense pace, cheeks hollow and hand shifting to rub and tug so-gently at Frank's balls as he hums, unheard but not unfelt. Let me make you come.

Frank's breathing breaks and falls apart, head tipped back far enough that he can feel the brush of his hair against the backs of his arm, panting roughly at the ceiling, interspersed with little noises that he has no control over. No control, not even for the jerk of his hips and the warning croak he manages when Gerard tugs gently at him, hand snapping into a fist in his hair, pulling ungently as ohgod he fucks up into Gerard's mouth.

Gerard whimpers a little at the pull of Frank's fingers in his hair, relaxes his jaw further as he pushes down, his eyes squeezed closed to help him focus on how Frank tastes. How he feels , how he has to swallow and

breathe though his nose when Frank's hips snap and his stomach turns, a little, making his chest ache and his eyes water. So worth it.

The croak turns into words, sibilant despite the lack of proper sound. " Dee. Dee? Dee- muh- tuh- " I'm going to come, I'm gonna, fuck, fuck- Frank pants, drawn up tight, toes curled and fingers tense, and when Gerard swallows him, well. Frank cries out, sharp and loud, back arched like a bow, and comes hard enough that he feels like he's fucking blind, as well as deaf.

By the time that Frank comes to himself again Gerard kissing wetly at his hip, his arms braced low across the tops of his thighs and a pleased little look on his flushed face. He pushes his hair out of his eyes and waits until Frank looks at him to sign, as he so-casually licks the smear of white from below his lip, "Did you like that?" Do you want me to do it again?

"Mm," Frank answers firmly, fisting a hand through his hair. "I just wish I'd been able to pay attention," he signs lazily. "So I could- you know. To you?" With another solid noise, he tugs Gerard up, and signs, cheeks flushing just a bit. "Can I ask you something really, you know, kind of gay and stupid?"

Gerard settles next to Frank, laying on his hip with one elbow propped under himself, and smiles his little, shy smile as he signs, "I think gay is kind of a moot point. And you aren't stupid. So sure." He pulls his pants up his hip a little, easing them over the dark of his underwear as he watches Frank's face and hands.

"Do you like me? I mean. I know you just met me and everything, but I've kind of been in your pants and you've totally been in mine. And I wanna do it again." Frank frowns a little, halfway between chagrined and clearly embarrassed. "Like, as soon as possible. But I'm not good at the whole friend plus sex thing. If- if you want, if I want, fuck. If we want to keep doing this. And- I know you don't know me-" Frank flaps his hands, frustrated, unable to say what he wants.

"You want to start flying? Because I'm not gonna lie, you're too big to be a hummingbird, if only barely." Gerard's face is friendly, though, as he reaches out to rub his hand against Frank's stomach, soothing and not too laden with meaning, before he signs out, cheeks flushed and his eyes averted, "I just- I'd really like to do it again too, if you'd like. So, like. I'm all for whatever plan lets me do that. You just have to let me know."

"I'm just saying that maybe we shouldn't like, hang out and get naked. That maybe- you'd want to be my- you know. Something other than a friend that I get naked with? More than that?" Frank sighs, short and exasperated, and flops onto his back to stare at the ceiling. "Do you know what I'm trying to ask?"

Gerard thinks for a second, then another, taking the opportunity to finish his can of rum-fortified Dr. Pepper, before he pitches the empty can unsteadily towards the stairs and signs at Frank as it tumbles down them, "Do you want to be my boyfriend ?" He looks a little shocked, and feels more so, as he pushes his hair clumsily out of his face and keeps signing, chewing on his lower lip. "Because if you just want to hang out and do stuff, that's okay. I don't- You don't have to break out the rings or anything to get me to put out." Hi, you're hot and I'm desperate. Can I put that any clearer for you?

Frank frowns again, but this time it's definitely directed at Gerard. "I'm not asking you just to put out, you know?" He makes a little noise, and rolls onto his side so he can see Gerard better. "Maybe I do. Because I don't fuck my friends on a regular basis. And I kind of really want to, with you. And...I'll get attached. And that sounds really gay, but it's true. So I can't do just friends. Kick me out if I'm annoying, okay? I can handle that."

Gerard glowers at Frank a little, still trying to pick one of the pieces of skin off his lip with his teeth. It gives him something to do while he moves his hands, signing a little embarrassedly, "I don't want you to leave. I just- I'm okay with not-just-friends, as long as we can be friends, too?" He looks

down, at the strip of skin visible between Frank's shirt and his underwear, still pulled down low, as he admits, his cheeks red and his signs short, "I don't have a lot of friends, and you're really- You're way cool."

Frank laughs, and it's a good sound. "I'm not cool. I'm just one of Mikey's stupid deaf friends who thinks Mikey's older brother is hot. And yeah, we'll be friends too, 'cause that's part of the whole boyfriend thing, right? But, I didn't want to be just friends, and fuck. I'm emo, I fall fast." He touches one of Gerard's cheeks, thumb against the vibrant pink spot up high, and says out loud, " Tith me 'den, Dee? " I'd really like it if you kissed me again. Just so I know I'm not some giant lametard.

Again Gerard has cause to be thankful that Frank's deaf, both for the sound of his voice - Gerard would rather die than admit it, but the way Frank talks makes him twitch in his boxer-briefs, thankful that they're dark and the room isn't particularly well lit - and the fact that he can't hear the noise that Gerard makes, as he leans in, his palm finding Frank's cheek just before their lips meet, soft and open. He tries to keep the space between their bodies open as he presses in and then retreats slightly, to lick a little circle against the bright metal of Frank's lip ring, to tug at it with his teeth the slightest bit, before he kisses him full and proper with another low, wanting groan. How can I fucking say no to you when you sound like that?

Frank's fingers are cool on Gerard's cheek, on the side of his neck, on the back of his neck, as he tries to tug Gerard onto him, signing one-handed, "Do you like when I try to talk? I'll- I'll talk if you keep doing that to-" His smile breaks into a laugh, and he ducks his head to lick just below Gerard's ear. "-my lip. Stupid, but true. To get into Frank Iero's pants, just pull this ring, here."

Gerard tugs Frank's thighs apart a little, before settling between them, a small groan softening the intent expression on his face as their bodies settle together, only the thin cotton knit of their underwear separating Gerard's

cock from the indent of Frank's hip and thigh when he presses so-shyly against him. Gerard twitches out a little smile as he brings his hands up, braced elbows-first on the bed, to flick out the signs. "So are you like a Chatty Cathy doll? Pull the ring and it says something?" His eyes sparkle a little as he leans in, not really noticing the way that his hips grind the rapidly hardening weight of himself against Frank, to first rub at Frank's lip with the pad of his thumb, not-quite gentle, then suck it into his mouth, playing at it with his tongue before letting it pull free of his teeth and leaning back to sign, his lips parted and his eyes heavy-lidded and almost dreamy but for the heat in them, "If you talk, I'll do anything you tell me to. True story." The things your voice does to me, ugh. I'm such a perv.

That sunny smile reappears, an expression that's meant to be on Frank's face, rather than a frown, a look of stubborn determination, than anything else. "No," he hazards. "You h- hah to teh me wha -tur - mmgh." The last sound is wholly frustrated. I know what I want to say. I want you to tell me what you're going to do. And I can't say it. And you're going to laugh. Frank frowns and looks away from Gerard, but that doesn't stop the answering rise of his hips, or the catch in his breath. "Tah- tee. Fang. " Chatty Frank, my ass. Go ahead and laugh.

But the laugh that Gerard laughs is anything but judgmental, as he ducks his head and mouths at Frank's lip again, licking and sucking at the ring before kissing him properly, tongue in mouth and hands finding their way under Frank's shirt, to rub against warm skin. And then he's leaning back, sucking on his own lower lip, and signs, rocking out a slow not-quite-thrust against Frank's hip, "Do you want to keep doing this, or can I blow you again? I just- I would really like to, and then you could- You could say anything you felt like."

"Seriously?" Frank signs. "You want to... again?" He hums out a sound, arching up into Gerard's hand, and gestures, "I like how you touch me. And I really like how your mouth feels." Frank's lips part again, like Gerard's

going to kiss him, but it's to flick his lip ring with the tip of his tongue.

"There." Catching one of Gerard's wrists in his hand, dragging it down to press against the knit of his boxer-briefs. " 'n here. " Frank makes that face again, unconscious and frustrated and deeply frowning, and pushes out, " 'd you buh- buh-low me? "

Frank can feel Gerard twitch against the back of his hand as he gasps and shivers a little, nodding so quickly that his hair slips into his face again, forcing him to move his hands after just squeezing carefully at Frank through his underwear, to push his hair back as he sits back on his knees and signs fluidly, already wetting his lips again. "I would. I will. I want to." He shuffles a little farther down the bed and bends over, not really caring what he looks like, to nuzzle at the arch of Frank through his underwear, inhaling deeply as he laughs and curls his fingers into the waistband of his shorts. He looks up, the swell of his lower lip caught briefly on the scratchy, slightly-damp knit over Frank's cock head, and smiles crookedly as he moves his hands to sign, "I'm easy."

" Not tuh oh-ny un. " God, he must sound awful, stupid , and he can't believe he's actually letting himself be heard by- his boyfriend?- as Gerard works his way down Frank's body, mouthing openly at the outside of his shorts, leaving him all shivery and hot and thinking about the feel of Gerard's cock against the backs of his knuckles. Is that what I do? " Mm, " Frank says, firmly, and cards a hand through the mess of Gerard's hair, lifting it out of his eyes. " Mm. M-easy, too. " So easy that he could just let Gerard do whatever the fuck he wants to the outside of his Fruits, right to the point where things would end up messy, and jeez, then he'd have to take them off and then what could they do? " Dee? Buh-low. Puh. Lease. "

The sound of Frank's voice makes Gee grimace, a little, pushing his hips into the mattress as he nods, turning his toes under so that he can push them against the wall behind him. It makes him feel a little more grounded, as he curls his fingers under the band of Frank's underwear again, lifting

them carefully from Frank's skin, and eases them down Frank's hips, gathering his jeans in his hands too, so he can push the whole mess of them down to the middle of Frank's thighs. He glances up, pushing into Frank's fingers gently, and nods a little, trying for a small smile and mostly just staring hotly up at him as his tongue curls against his lower lip, leaving it glistening as he shifts up, a little, and mouths wetly at the base of Frank's cock, touching him with the pads of his thumbs, the balls of his hands, pushing his thighs the slightest bit apart before he palms over Frank's balls and licks up his cock, following the vein along the underside up with the flat of his tongue as he groans openly, breathing in heavy pants as his hips grind down again. I will, I will. I so, so will.

Frank can't hear that he echoes Gerard's groan, but he tries to feel it, fingers brush-light against the side of Gerard's throat, barely, barely in reach. "Mmh- Hn- mm. " It's easier to pay attention this time, now that Frank knows what to expect, to just watch Gerard's mouth around him, to breathe and make involuntary noises, and enjoy it. Not that he didn't, last time. Hoo, no. It's Gerard's fucking eyes , that surreal almost-green, the messy shock of his hair, and the way he's so fucking obviously enjoying what he's doing to Frank. Taking him down piece by piece, until Frank's left shivering and groaning in Gerard's hands.

Gerard only pauses for a moment when he reaches Frank's cockhead, flicking across his slit with the tip of his tongue pointed as he looks up at Frank, his eyes wide and lips parted. He doesn't seem to realize what a picture he makes, just curls his tongue, sliding down the slick pink underside of Frank's cockhead as he fists back his foreskin, swirling his tongue around slowly before pressing his lips in around him and starting to suck, slick wet-messy and no nonsense. "Mmmh." I'd do this for fuckin' ever, if it meant you'd sound like that. If it meant you'd want me.

"I can't look ," Frank keens, gritting his teeth and closing his eyes, his expression tight with pleasure, smoothslick and just the tiniest bit stinging,

from the short span of time between before and now. With one hand bracing him up and the other touching light at Gerard's throat, Frank gives Gerard exactly what he wants, though how much of it Gerard actually understands is questionable. "Teach me, I want to do this to you, Dee. " Frank shakes out another noise, feet scrabbling at the surface of the mattress for purchase, for something, anything, that'll maybe make it feel less like he's going to die and more like... oh hell. Less like Frank's going to die.

"Mmm." Gerard hums around Frank, trying to give him something to feel under his fingertips, as he moves his hand steadily, bobbing his head down in tandem, to take as much of him in as he can easily. He only catches some of what Frank says, enough to guess at what he means, but the rise and fall of his voice makes Gerard's hips jerk against the mattress, and he uses his free hand to tug at the back of Frank's hip, to try and encourage him to move, to take what he wants from this. " Mmm ." I want you to enjoy this. And if- if you want to do it to me, I guess I can teach you. But you don't have to, if you don't want. I'm more than happy to just do this for you.

And suddenly, no, nope , this isn't what Frank wants anymore, not when he can feel the shift of Gerard's body against the mattress and comes to the startling realization that he's not the only one getting off on this. " Mm! " More to get Gerard's attention, than anything else, though what Gee's doing with his mouth, with his tongue, is pretty fucking distracting. " Dee. Tupper! " Tugging his hair, trying to get Gerard to pull back, to look up, to get up with Frank so Frank can omg wrap himself the fuck around Gerard and kiss that mouth, can grind up against him. If. If Gerard wants.

It's just as well that Frank can't hear Gerard's whimpering groan as Frank pulls on his hair, pulling himself up off Frank's cock with a wet, sucking pop . He pulls his eyes open, still stroking Frank's cock steadily, and rakes his lower lip with his teeth as he breathes hotly, trying to shape his lips evenly enough that Frank can understand him. "Why?" I just- I really want to make you come.

The look on Frank's face is nothing short of horrified, now that Gerard's actually listening to him, and trying to get him to talk while jerking him off. And it's really fucking hard to talk - especially when it's something Frank's not particularly comfortable with - when Frank's making little "mmnh" noises in time with the stroke of Gerard's hand. But he tries. "Dee. Mm." And okay, spectacular failure. So Frank tugs again, and abandons Gerard's hair to cup his jaw. Please? Don't make me say it.

Gerard slows the motion of his hand as he frowns a little, trying to understand what Frank's saying, what he means. His head tips to the side, rubbing almost catlike against Frank's hand, and moves up a little, his arms braced against Frank's hips, to half-lean over him as he asks, "Do you- Do you want me to come up there?" But why, I can't- I don't know what you want.

God, what a relief. Frank nods, looking embarrassed and frustrated at his lack of vocabulary, and says the one thing Gerard seems to recognize, every time. "Tith. " And I want to know how the fuck you feel all up against me. Call me shameless, call me a whore. Call me wanting to get the shit knocked out of me by your retarded hotness, kthnx. The moment it's in reach, Frank gets his hands under the hem of Gerard's tshirt, not lifting it, but feeling soft, warm skin, and it changes his expression to a small, pleased smile. " Mm. 'n me. "

"Hey, hey-" Gerard giggles, his face crunching up delicately as he pushes at Frank's hands, trying to get them off of the soft of his sides and onto, like. The bed, or his pants, or something. Anything that's not the soft of his skin, making him all uncomfortably aware of how Frank's touch makes him feel. He shifts and rests his weight on his hip, next to Frank's side, and rubs hopefully at Frank's stomach as he props himself up on his other elbow and asks softly, trying to ignore his flush, his embarrassed smile, "Ready for that kiss now, huh?"

"Nnh," Frank answers, with a shake of his head, and signs, one-handed, "Pants down, please." And really, I'm asking all nice, you don't need to get embarrassed. It's like... you don't want me to touch you, and I don't wanna talk. So it's a weird trade off, huh? And tries talking again, glad that no one can hear him except Gerard. Glad that he can't hear himself sounding like a fucking idiot. " Den you ten tith me. " It's not even that enunciated, but it's as close as Frank can get. He dampens his lips, pressing the backs of his knuckles to the front of Gerard's shorts, and gives him a silly, hopeful smile.

Gerard's hips shift forward into the press of Frank's knuckles as he hiccups a little sound and tucks his face against Frank's cheek. " Fuck ," he whispers, reaching down to awkwardly push his pants down his ass, kicking them off as he turns his face into Frank's to pull him in for a hot, open kiss. "Mmmh." Don't look, don't look, I just want to keep kissing you. Please.

Frank's too busy trying to convince his own pants to come off, instead of sit halfway down his thighs, to look at Gerard. Touching, however, is a completely different matter. He drags his fingertips up Gerard's back, losing himself in the vanilla-and-Dr. Pepper-flavored corners of Gerard's mouth, and once Frank's got his pants to the point where he can kick them off (clumsily, since Gerard's half-on him, even if he's more on his hip), he arches his hips up with a dull little sound. Dull, only because his inflection is shit, since Gerard's got him all but singing Hallelujah, with the way he kisses Frank, touches him, fucking feels against him.

"You look so fucking good." Gerard admits it against Frank's lips, glad of the privacy that speech gives him, as he clumsily reaches down and pets at Frank's leg, rubbing the inside of his thigh, just at the joint of his hip, with the side of his thumb. He tries to keep his weight off of Frank's body, for fear of squishing him, or stressing him so much that he would want to leave. But Frank's warm, and it feels good when he arches against him, when he slips his lips against Frank's and licks into his mouth, and reaches up with

his other hand, elbow still braced against the mattress, to clutch at Frank's hair as he groans softly. God, you're just- I can't believe you're real.

But it's that weight that Frank wants to feel, wants to push up into, and he can feel the breath of words, of sound on his lips, so he answers against the sweep of Gerard's tongue, hands restless, unwilling to settle anywhere for more than a few seconds as Gerard touches him here and there, and Jesus , the trace of his thumb probably shouldn't feel that good... but it does. And it does nothing more than make Frank itch for more, to press his hand down between them to glance his fingertips over the head of Gerard's cock, and breathe in Gee's every exhale.

Gerard makes a noise, high and uncertain, as he leans back to look at Frank, eyes wide and teeth just-catching the inside border of his lip. He pulls his hands back, away, and signs urgently, like it could somehow undo the way his hips push in tiny little jerks up against the warm drag of Frank's fingers, "You don't- You don't have to. We can just kiss."

A smile flicks across Frank's face like a pebble across a pond, and he edges the band of Gerard's shorts back with his wrist, tugging him in by the hair with his other hand. "I want to," he tries, blurred and flat and hush. "But-" Frank pulls back again, expressive face anxious. "I need you to stop telling me I don't have to."

It's something of an internal struggle and with his hands, trying to get them out of Frank's hair and off of his body, to allow himself to sign. But Gerard manages- his breathing hot and open as he signs out, "Okay, I won't. I'll stop. I just-" He starts to point at Frank but closes his hand, squeezing his eyes closed as he makes a frustrated noise, mostly at himself, and signs out carefully, like he's not sure he should, "I'm not very good at letting people be nice to me."

Frank's face crunches as he tries to speak again, muffled words between kisses to Gerard's mouth. "Why wouldn't I? I want to do this. You're my-"

He laughs, biting at Gerard's lower lip, curling his fist around Gerard's cock. "- Boyfriend. Right?" Not exactly talking out loud, but shaping words against Gerard's mouth, against his jaw, his ear. "Just let me do it."

Even though Gerard can't tell what Frank is trying to say, only catches little fragments of syllables and almost-sounds, the intent behind his motions is crystal clear, and he groans against Frank's cheekbone as he rocks his hips, pushing his cock into the warm grip of Frank's hand. His hand finds Frank's hip, holds tight as he pants, trying and failing to come up with some way to get his point across. I just want you to like me, I just want to spend time with you, you don't- Anything you do is going to be fine.

His stroke isn't that great, considering it's all one-handed, but that's alright when this still isn't exactly what Frank wants to be doing. He pushes Gerard's hair back from his face before skating it down his side to hook fingers into the band of Gerard's shorts, tugging them down further. "'t on me?" Pressing his hips up into Gerard's grip, into the press of his body, and smiles, hoping that Gee knows what Frank's trying to say. Goddammit, why haven't we evolved enough to mindread? Seriously.

*"Get on me?" Gerard's so startled that he says it out loud, against the side of Frank's head, like that'll do any good to anyone. He moves away, half-sitting to look down at Frank worriedly, and signs as he repeats, nervous and so hard that it hurts a little, an ache centered low between the vague crests of his hips. "Get on you? You want- You want me to lay on top of you?" But I'll squish you. I'm so big, and you're so **small** .*

Frank nods, looking worried, that maybe it's not what Gerard wants. "I just... kind of want to feel you." Signed hesitantly, looking somewhere near Gerard's navel, not toward anything dangerous, but not at his face, either. "If that's okay." Maybe if he talks, maybe if he says it, it'll convince Gerard that it's okay, since Gee looks like he's all but horrified at the thought of it.

His voice comes out the same way, fragmentary and almost-words, and after about five seconds, Frank just gives up. You can say no. It's okay.

"So you want..." Gerard signs, trailing off as he leans forward, rocking up onto his heels in a way that implies that he maybe doesn't realize that Frank has his shorts halfway off. He scratches at his stomach, the slight soft of it revealed as his thin black t-shirt rides up, then continues to sign as he settles himself down, against Frank's body, with a rough gasp that parts his lips and makes his hips jerk. "This? Is this what you want?"

"Mm," Frank answers, tipping his head back, hands fumbling to push everything down further, Gerard's shorts, whatever. "Hm." Pushing his hips up in answer, eyes fluttering closed. "Nsh. " If it means nice or yes , Frank's not even sure, because it's both. "It's what I want." Short and anxious in Gerard's ear, little puffs of breath warm in his hair before pushing it away with shaking fingers so he can mouth where Gerard's pulse bangs under his skin.

Ith wha I wah. Frank's speech makes Gerard groan, hiding his face against the side of Frank's head as he rolls his hips and thumbs over Frank's nipples, trying to coax another noise out of his throat. It's easy to turn his face to kiss at Frank's cheek, whispering hotly against Frank's skin as he lets a little more of his weight settle against Frank's slight body. "You're so fuckin' hot."

Frank's sound is almost inaudible, it's so soft, but it's definitely a groan, arching his head back against the mattress, and pushing his hips, up, to one side or the other, until- " Aah. " Until they're carefully in line against each other in a way that makes Frank's breath hitch, that makes it impossible for him to open his eyes all the way. And impossible to stop the little mmh, nh, unh noises that slip from him, as easily as rain from the sky.

Gerard bites at Frank's throat, trying to taste the place where his voice comes from, soft and unformed and beautiful. He's never really done this

before - not this , all smiles and laughter and touches, not sober , or close enough to see it from where he's standing - and it feels good , rocking against Frank's body, holding him with big, steady hands as he thrusts against him and looses a sound himself, low and heartfelt as he palms carefully-firm down Frank's ribs. "I wish you could fucking hear yourself, God."

Maybe Frank likes being that much smaller than Gerard, that Gerard has to hold him, even as he hooks a leg against Gerard's thigh and twists up, making a sound that defies translation, somewhere between a groan and a grind. He feels the wash of Gerard's words, breath on skin and vibration under fingers, and his other hand snarls into Gerard's hair, fast-tight, a thick, easy handful. He's slick against the press of Gerard's stomach and the sideswipe of his cock, balls pulled up tight and aching. Yes yes yesss -

"Gorgeous, gorgeous, you're so fuckin' beautiful-" And it's only because he knows that Frank can't hear him that he feels free to speak, not bounded up by shyness and fear of what might happen, if he says the wrong thing. With his compulsion not to speak, that got him in so goddamn much trouble in High School, and still makes it hard for him to function in his college classes. But that's not at all on his mind, for once, as he slips one hand under Frank's back, palming across the dimples low on his spine to pull him up, more firmly against Gerard's body as he whispers fiercely into the line of his throat, "I can't believe that you want to do this with me."

*Frank wants to admit it's Gerard's voice that sends him flying, but it's the press of his hand against the small (so-small) of Frank's back, dragging skin against belly that does it. That makes him gasp and moan and cry out, hand vice-tight in Gerard's hair and fingers tense against the line of his throat as he loses whatever smooth, quick friction that's between them, coming hot and slick against Gerard's skin. "Dee- Dee. Th-" Jesus Christ, I'm sorry, but **God** . God, I could do this until... well, until we can't, anymore. Fuck.*

Gerard's hips buck up once, sin-slick against Frank's stomach, then stop, as he laughs softly, embarrassedly, and reaches up to pet at Frank's hair. He just breathes for a long moment, before licking playfully at the hinge of Frank's jaw and kissing him lightly, lip-to-lip, before he pushes back enough to ask in gentle, slow sign, hoping that Frank's actually looking, actually paying attention. "Are you okay? Did you like that?"

"Mm." Warm and blurry, though not many of Frank's sounds are ever clear. He breathes slow for a moment, trying to gather himself back to a point where he can smile, can use his hand so they don't shake, but-

His hands end up somewhere else instead, no longer locked in Gerard's hair or against the hum of voice, but flat against Gerard's hips, pulling him back down, pulling him against the slip of his skin; that way- only because Gerard had made him. And oh, he wanted it, so fucking badly. " You. " Here, now, please, kthnx. I want to see that face again, the one you make when you come, it's fuckin' gorgeous-

Gerard laughs, soft and warm, and kisses Frank's lips, one-two-three, as he so-carefully presses his hips against Frank's, his cock digging hot into the slight give of Frank's stomach. He coughs a little and signs rapidly, leaning heavily against Frank to do so. "I'm fine, I promise. Just fine."

"Mm," Frank says again, but this time it's firm and negative, and he changes things up again, pushing at Gerard until Frank's on top. Then he smiles, bright and sunny, and says that word again, though it comes out like two. "Buh. Low?" And is down between Gerard's hips before Gee can object, or even react. "Buh. Low. You, Dee." Trying to remember how Gerard did it, how easy it seemed, and Frank drags the flat of his tongue up the underside of Gerard's cock, from base to just under the flare of his cock head, fairly-goddamn-totally-completely-sure that what he's tasting is his own come. Sweet Jesus.

Frank can't hear the noise that Gerard makes, but he can feel his reaction, thighs tense and stomach contracting as he chokes out a nervous little noise. His hands come up, almost like he wants to grab Frank's hair, but he drops them to his thighs as he pushes his underwear farther down, feeling silly - foolish - for letting Frank do that (for thinking those things about what Frank says, for feeling that way at the warm, blunt sound of his voice) to him, with his underwear still on. " Fuck ."

Frank takes that as a hint, and hooks his hands into Gerard's waistband, getting his shorts down right and proper, to the point where Gee can just kick them off. It's then that he closes his mouth over the head of Gerard's cock, flicking his tongue in circles, testing pressure and texture, the way Gee's skin feels soft and hot against his tongue, the way it tastes, less and less like Frank and more like something else. Frank groans softly, slipping down over him, tongue pressed firmly here and there, then settling on the vein on the underside of his cock. Fuck. Fuck, touch me.

Gerard's thighs come apart as he tips his hips up, trying to encourage Frank as he grimaces and drags his fingers against the slight curve of his hip. He leaves pale-pink lines on his soft skin as he chokes out a strangled noise and whispers, trying to find one of Frank's hands to guide it around his shaft. "C'mon, yeah. Please-" He helps Frank to give himself an excuse to establish a rhythm, when all he wants to do is get off. To enjoy what Frank's doing, yeah, but really, when it comes down to it, mostly he just wants to fucking come.

Duh. When Gerard moves his hand, it's plainly obvious it's what Frank should have been doing in the first place, and he times his stroke in careful counterpoint to the suck and swirl of his mouth. And for the first time in his life, he's afraid of the silence in his ears, when he can't see Gerard's face to judge his actions or hear the sound of his voice. The only thing he can rely on is the motion of Gerard's hips, almost-shy, moving in tiny rocks. "Mm?"

But the way that Gerard's hips move doesn't stay tiny. Not when Frank hums around him, buzzing-soft, and his hips come free of the mattress for a moment, as he chokes out an embarrassed noise and grabs at his own skin again, not realizing the marks he lays out on himself as he tries to meter his motions, to keep himself to something that Frank can handle, as his legs shift restlessly and he reaches up with one hand to fist his hair back off of his face. His voice is hoarse as he whispers, glad that Frank can't hear him, and wishing (not for the first time) that he couldn't hear himself, "Fuck, that feels good. I- Just. Fuck ."

Frank palms the back of Gerard's thigh, not to lift his leg, but to ground him, give him some kind of support, and mostly just to touch him, more. His other hand finds Gerard's fingers, drags them down, tangles them in the overgrown shag of his hair. Guide me, help me get you off. He flicks his tongue against the slit of Gerard's cock once, twice, then pulls back with a wet sound to drag the flat of his tongue over the sensitive dark-pink of his exposed cockhead. Again, "Mm?" Looking for approval, just before ducking his head, tucking his bangs behind his ear, closing his lips over Gerard's skin, stroking him slow and firm.

Gerard whines against the slick wet of Frank's tongue, the heat of his mouth, his fingers twisting nervously in Frank's hair as his hips arch up, into the stroke of his hand. He feels like he's hyperventilating, maybe just a little bit, his balls drawn up tight to his body, and he tugs gently at Frank's hair, trying to ease him up, to make him look at Gerard's face as he signs almost-frantically with his free hand, fingers flicking just below his chin and rubbing against his upper chest as he begs. "Suck, please. Suck ." I think I'm gonna come.

He lifts right off of Gerard, just for a moment, just to lick obscenely at the side of his mouth before voicing something affirmative and sucking back down as far as he can take. I wish I could hear what you're saying, I wish I knew what your voice sounded like. I wish I could feel your fucking words

against my skin- He pulls his hand down to carefully examine Gerard's testicles with the cup of his palm, and finds his fingers all close to other heat. Y halo thar! Sucking firm and a little distracted as he strokes over Gerard's balls on the way to finding out what pressing here does, or maybe- maybe there.

It's not that Gerard means to do it, because he definitely doesn't, he definitely means for Frank to suck him off for, oh, ever, for it to always feel this good. But the slight noise that Frank makes before his lips form a proper seal and the way he palms over Gerard's balls have him gasping and arching, back tight and stomach almost-flat, where anyone else's would be concave. And then he fucking touches him there , and it doesn't matter that it's barely more than an awkward, accidental-feeling poke, it sends Gerard shaking and heavy-breathing into his orgasm, his hand tight in Frank's hair as he struggles not to pull him down into the little aborting thrusts of his hips. " Fuck ."

It doesn't even occur to Frank to do anything other than swallow, petting at Gerard's hip and drawing up, smiling lazily, lips plush and slick. "'tay?" Frank tips his head into the hold Gerard has on his hair, and kisses damply at Gerard's stomach. "Dee?" The plosive G is just as hard as the soft one, and Frank scowls around the sound that's locked in him, in the way his mouth works to make it: "Ud?" Was it good? Was I good? I've never before, but I'd be more than happy to practice every day after school if you'd let me...

Gerard giggles huskily at the ticklish press of Frank's lips to the soft skin of his stomach, carefully untangling his hand to pet at Frank's hair. He nods, his eyes closed, and wets his lips carefully before pulling his hands up to sign breathlessly. "So good, Frank. So good. You were very good." He blinks his eyes open, a little, smiling almost shyly down at Frank as he continues to sign, "That feels good."

Frank smiles again, not-quite crawling up Gerard's body so they're eye to eye, and he raises a hand to sign, "More practice?" His smile cracks into a grin that's wide and totally, completely shit-eating. "I'll go again, once we eat or something. If you want. I've got no problem with that." Frank noses just under Gerard's ear, mouthing his name again, testing it on his lips. Gee. Gerard. Gee.